

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* O my sweet beeffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father; & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and  
do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale wel? O, for a fine theepe of the age of xxii. or ther  
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I  
praise them.

*Prince Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,  
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*,  
Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hostes*, my breakefast come

Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Act 4. Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Dowglas. Scene 1.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons flampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Do so, and t'is well: What letters hast thou there I can  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leifure to be sicke  
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

*War.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feard by his Phisition.

*War.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:  
His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect  
The very life-bloud of our enterprife,  
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:  
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,  
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
On any fouler remou'd, but on his owne,  
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,  
That with our small coniunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly posselt  
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*War.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme leapt off,  
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want  
Seemes more then we shall find it. Were it good,  
To set the exact wealth of all our states,  
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,  
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,  
It were not good, for therein should we read

*H.*

*The*